

THE Last Will and Testament

OF THE Earl of Pembroke.

I PHILIP, late Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, now Knight for the County of Berks, being (as I am told) very weak in Body, but of perfect Memory; for I remember this time Five years I gave the casting Voice to dispatch Old *Canterbury*; and this time Two years I Voted no Address to be made to my Master; and this time Twelve moneth saw him brought to the Block: Yet because Death doth threaten and stare upon me, (who still have obeyed all those that threatned me) I now make my last Will and Testament.

Imprimis, For my Soul, I confess I have heard very much of Souls, but what they are, or whom they are for, God knows, I know not; they tell me now of another World, where I never was, nor do I know one foot of the way thither. While the King stood I was of his Religion, made my Son wear a Cassock, and thought to make him a Bishop; then came the *Scots* and made me a Presbyterian; and since *Cromwell* entered I have been an Independent. These (I believe) are the Kingdom's Three Estates, and if any of these can save a Soul, I may claim one; therefore if my Executors do find I have a Soul, I give it him that gave it me.

Item, I give my Body, for I cannot keep it ; you see the Chirurgeon is tearing off my Flesh ; therefore bury me, (I have Church Lands enough) but do not lay me in the Church Porch, for I was a Lord, and would not be buried where Colonel *Pride* was born.

Item, My Will is, that I have no Monument, for then I must have Epitaphs and Verses, but all my Life-long I have had too much of them.

Item, I give my Dogs (the best Curs that ever Man laid Leg o're) to be divided among the Council of State. Many a fair day have I follow'd my Dogs, and follow'd the State both night and day ; went whither they sent me, sate where they bid me, sometimes with Lords ; sometimes with Commons, and now can neither go nor sit : Yet whatever becomes of me, let my poor Dogs not want their Allowance, nor come within the Ordinance of one Meal a Week.

Item, I give two of my best Saddle Horses to the Earl of *Denbigh*, for I fear e're long his own Legs will fail him ; but the tallest and strongest in all my Stables I give to the Academy, for a Vaulting Horse for all Lovers of Vertue. All my other Horses I give to the Lord *Fairfax*, that when *Cromwell* and the States take away his Commission, his Lordship may have some Horse to command.

Item, I give my Hawks to the Earl of *Carnarvan*, his Father was Master of the Hawks to the King, and he has Wit so like his Father, that I begg'd his Wardship, lest he in time should do so by me.

Item, I give all my Deer to the Earl of *Salisbury*, who I know will preserve them, because he denied the King a Buck out of one of his own Parks.

Item, I give my Chaplains to the Earl of *Stamford*, in regard he never used to have any but his Son the Lord *Grey*, who being thus both Spiritual and Carnal, may beget more Monsters.

Item, I give Nothing to the Lord *Say*, which Legacy I give him because I know he will bestow it on the Poor.

Item, To the Countesses (my Sister and my Wife) I now give leave to enjoy their Estates ; but my own Estate I give to my Eldest Son, charging him on my Blessing to follow the Advice of *Michael Oldsworthy*, for though I have had 30000*l.* per annum, yet I die not in Debt above 80000*l.*

Item,

Item, Because I threatened Sir *Henry Mildmay*, but did not beat him, I give Fifty Pounds to the Footman that Cudgel'd him.

Item, My Will is, that the said Sir *Harry* shall not meddle with my Jewels; I knew him when he served the Duke of *Buckingham*, and since how he handled the Crown Jewels; for both which Reasons I do now name him, *The Knave of Diamonds*.

Item, To *Tom May* (whose Pate I broke heretofore at a Masque) I give Five Shillings. I intended him more, but all that have seen his History of the Parliament think Five Shillings too much.

Item, To the Author of the Libel against Ladies, (called *News from the New Exchange*) I give 3 d. for inventing a more obscene way of Scribbling than the World yet knew; but since he throws what's rotten and false on divers Names of Unblemish'd Honour, I leave his Payment to the Footman that paid Sir *Harry Mildmay's* Arrears, to teach him the difference 'twixt Wit and Dirt, and to know Ladies that are Noble and Chast from downright Roundheads.

Item, I give back to the Assembly of Divines their Classical, Provincial, Congregational, National, which words I have kept at my own charge above Seven Years, but plainly find they'l never come to good.

Item, As I restore other mens Words, so I give Lieutenant General *Cromwell* one Word of mine, because hitherto he never kept his own.

Item, To all rich Citizens of *London*, to all Presbyterians as well as Cavaliers, I give advice to look to their Throats, for by order of the States the Garrison at *Whitehall* have all got Ponyards, and for New Lights bought Dark Lanthorns.

Item, I give all my Printed Speeches to these Persons following, viz. That Speech which I made in my own defence when the Seven Lords were accused of High Treason, I give to Serjeant *Wild*, that hereafter he may know what is Treason, and what is not. And the Speech I made *ex tempore* to the *Oxford* Scholars, I give to the Earl of *Manchester*, Speaker *pro tempore* to the House of Peers, before its Reformation, and Chancellour *pro tempore* of *Cambridge* University, since its Reformation. But my Speech at my Election, (which is my Speech without an Oath) I give to those that take the Engagement, because

cause no Oath hath been able to hold them. All my other Speeches (of what colour soever) I give to the Academy, to help Sir Balthazar's Art of Well Speaking.

Item, I give up the Ghost.

Concordat cum Originali.

NATHANIEL BRENT.

CODICILL.

Before His Lordship gave his last Legacy, he mentioned other Particulars; but his Sense and Words grew so Independent, that they could not make forth into perfect Legacies: Tet we thought fit to write what he spake, which was In hac verba.

Item, I give——'s Death I am very Sick, and my Memory fails me; Sink me if I can remember what I have else to give. I have troubled my Mind with things of this World; but who the Devil thought Death had been so near? Ha! what's that? now 'tis at my Bed's Feet all Bloody. Murther! Murther! call up my Men: *Oldswarth*, where a plague are ye all? I am well help up to have such Comforters. What, was it but a Cat? a Pox mew ye, do you take a Lord for a Mouse? — So ho, so ho? there, there; O brave Jowler; plague on that Cur, couple him to Royster. — Come to Bed, Sweet Heart, come, Duck, come — Pox rot ye all, where's my Coach? My Lord Mayor hath staid at *Guild Hall* this two hours — That Cocks worth a King's Ransom; he runs, he runs; a Thousand Pound to a Bottle of Hay — Rub, rub, rub; a pox rub; a hundred thousand rubs: 's Death my Bowl's bewitch'd, it has no more Bias than a Pudding — I'll to the House, and remove the Obstructions for Sale of the King's Goods — Dam me, there 'tis again; Ha, a Man without a Head! I speak, what art thou? 's Death, castn't speak without a Head? — Ha! and there with Lawn Sleeves, comes just upon me, beckons me — Ha! another yet! all in Purple! my own Master! I beseech Your Majesty let me kiss your Hand — No, Blood! Blood! Oh, I am undone; help! help! Why, *Oldswarth*! Oh! where are ye all? is this a time to stop your Noses? Call up my Chaplains: where's *Caldicut*? Pray, good *Caldicut*, pray, pray; Plague consume you why do you not pray —

Concordat cum Originali.

NATHANIEL BRENT.

FINIS.